

Wind Sent

by CatarinaK

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Summary: A little writing I was planning to keep short inspired by a strange dream I had of a olive coloured girl in Middle-Earth meeting a dragon in the early Third Age. Rated T for safe.

1. Prologue

****Author's note: Okay****, here is a little experiment on trying fan-fiction. I know how the year of the Third Age, it's the great invasion of the Easterlings to Gondor, but I did wanted a tense atmosphere. I know this OC of mine is really young, but how could I even create this based on a dream? Yes, this was inspired in a dream where I saw a girl encountering Scatha, around the late Second Age of Arda, or more possibly the beginning of the Third Age. I will make this clear: I do not possess all of Tolkien's material in real paper for this, but since this is a specific time in Middle-Earth's history where basically you have some chronological moments but not that as much as in other ages, I saw it was the perfect time for me to write without the writing being read as a noob'ish thing. Many thanks to for the information and of course for the Sindarin-English dictionary.

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><p>Prologue - "the Ancient-Script One"

Third Age Year 493

Should she? That was an innocuous question that the young refugee would never be able to answer. No matter, for her feet all but carried her away from the steep White Mountains - or Ered Nimrais as the Elves of old pronounced it - as north as her feet could. The little girl was huffing, no matter how much Lady LÃ³thinael had given her those silvery white shoes, the first knew she would get nowhere near the Fangorn woods. She was carrying the travelling clothes most noble-women of the south wore, a dark-greenish cape adorning the frail shoulders. Panting, her small black eyes had odd speckles of

light brown in the corner of the irises. Those eyes were much unlike the eyes of any Gondorian. Many people would say she was to pass her twelfth year. However, Yilmã³r was reaching her fourteenth winter. She was neither short, nor too tall for a Child of Man. A thread of dark brown locks of hair fell to her humble tunic. Her tanned olive coloured hands were carefully hidden beneath the glove the noble Gondorian had gave to her. The gloves were sewn out of the bear's leather of the most northern passes of the Ered Mithrin, or Grey Mountains. A small silvery star with a few waves of wind had been sewn into the palms. It would last until the next five years of Yilmã³r's life. Patting affectionately the gloves, the young sat on top of a snowy ledge.

Her eyes could still catch the sight of a foreboding, dark smoke coming from Minas Anor. She had no idea how she could, but she did manage to understand how this whispered ill news of Gondor.

Before Yilmã³r's departure, Lady Lã³thinael embraced the young girl, a few tears streaming from her face. A small pendant the size of a nut adorned her ivory neck. It had the shape of an intricate and brilliant silvery tree. Two brown eyes glanced firmly at the young woman. Those eyes glistened with an endless worry, and yet, at times they were kind. The youth recalled how the main Lady of the Library would sing to her the songs of the Elves. Her tunic was decorated with themes that could be reminiscent of the Men of Nã°menor. Her brass and golden hair fell in lovely cascades. To Yilmã³r, it reminded her of the flowers of south intertwined. Yilmã³r recalled in her careless little girl's time: faintly caressing those strands of hair tenderly, almost as a little daughter does with her mother.

Â« You cannot live here any longer. Â» It did not sound as a death sentence. Yet, the thirteen year old saw the stern, contemplative glance the lady stared at the majestic library windows. The windows made the curtains seem almost like a prolongation of the hue that formed around Yilmã³r's arms, the dreary black ink inscriptions painted in her body as though by a curse. Lã³thinael frowned.

Â« Child...Believe me: we are not abandoning you. The House of Anã¸rion shall not forsake you to the darkness. Â» Although the first part of the sentence was barely heard by the young half Easterling, Lã³thinael underlined the words in Sindarin. For you see, Yilmã³r's father had never been discovered, one could only assume she was of the Orient by the colour of her skin. Her mother had died in the Houses of Healing. Lã³thinael was astonished to see the strange script surrounding the arms of the little baby. However, Yilmã³r had been such a bright smile as an infant...

Â« These scripts are unlike the Tengwar Elvish script. Why they even may be more ancient than...Dear child, you must be far away from here! Â» Yilmã³r had never witnessed her surrogate mother with such a dark expression: it seemed as though the ever beautiful healer had aged centuries, but the wisps of dark brown hair had remained soft and yet toughened, like the small mail-chain of black steel.

No matter how much the young woman hated that, people in Minas Tirith would always call her by the name her father had whispered in the dark: "Yilmã³r", Wind of Darkness. The junction of the Elvish and the Easterling element made her shudder in her tunic.

After watching a small deer running to catch what was left in the

northern slopes of the White Mountain, Yilmã³r decided it was time to hunt. Taking her own bow and a small knife, she crouched herself on the uneven and dangerous path.

To hunt is unbecoming of a maiden. A few wet-nurses whispered behind Yilmã³r's back whenever she took a small horse to travel across with LÃ³thinael, the Elven healer. A soft, eerie and dangerous song echoed in the half Easterling's blood whenever she shooted at the wild animals. The young Child of Man craved for meat, as her father would have done. Stealthily she dragged around the rocks of the lower paths of the mountain until she heard the noises of other animals. Following the small herd of deers a few more yards to the northwest, keeping the Mouths of the Entwash as her only reference, she groaned. Her self-control would not last any longer would the deers drag themselves farther from the Anduin tributaries. Fortunately, the deers began to walk more to the river. Reading her bow, she squashed her arrow with a flammable liquid. A small flask her father had given to her even before she was born. She was unaware how the healers did not dare to confiscate that. The flammable liquid spread across the arrow tip as it began a small flame.

Flinching at the sight of the colourful and strange arrow, the deers released a shrill call. Surrounding the terrified animals with her flammable arrows, Yilmã³r managed to catch two of them with sound and dry arrows of her second quiver.

Hastily drying the burnt places where the arrows had touched, Yilmã³r sighed. Taking a book and five loaves of bread and one liter of water would be insufficient if she meant to travel all the way to LothlÃ³rien. She had no choice but to murder the poor animals.

Â«_ I do hope my first encounter with an intelligent being won't be with an Orc._ Â» She said to herself as she kept the small loaves of meat, sprinkling them with something the Men of the Sea told her it would conserve better, Yilmã³r climbed down the lowest mountains for a couple of hours. Then, when she found a small cave, she decided to stay for the night. It would be unwise to travel during the late hours, when the stars could hardly be seen through the mountain picks.

That night in the dry cave, the Child of Man dreamt with encountering the Elves her Nana had always described to her in colourful tales. Yilmã³r was shorter than the Gondorians, and for that she always felt inferior. However, in these dreams where she walked on a field of evening beauties, she felt at peace. The child felt no longer afraid, her eyes were no longer sore with tears.

* * *

><p>Another P.O.V</p>

A pair of red eyes loomed in the darkest valleys, slithering their way towards the direction a keen sense of smell told him to. He had slaughtered the twelve remaining deers merely out of sport, holding the large buck within his dragon-spell for a while. No sooner the buck stood still, his lungs nearly paralysed at the power of the powerful worm, the creature grinned with his long and sharp teeth. Blowing a long flammable and accurate jet of fire, he watched the creature die with a sick pleasure glinting his dagger-pupil eyes. Silently he caught three deers in his jaws, instantly killing them

with the hotness of his breath. With the blood spilling from his teeth, he lashed his long and dark tail. Not even a sound was heard from the four as he squeezed them in his long coils. After burning the remaining herd in his scorching stomach until they were warm, the dragon almost rumbled in satisfaction.

He was certain that there was a faint scent above the one those pathetic animals emitted. It was a familiar one: a female mammal, one that had merely reached the seventh of her bleeding moon. In a flick of a second, he folded his wings as he took the mountain air. Perhaps it was the hunger speaking to him. He was uncertain whether this was a Child of Man or not. But it was very close, and probably unaware that such a powerful being of the North had travelled all those paths merely for a different hunt.

* * *

><p>Sindarin wordings: **

Nana - colloquial for "mother"

Ered Mithrin - Grey Mountains

Ered Nimra - White Mountains

-mor - of darkness, dark

**Of names of characters: ** Both LÃ³thinael and YilmÃ³r have names that are mixes of two languages. If I have made a small mistake about them, please make sure to name it.

2. Chapter 2

_**Author's note: **_Hey, a small note: the italic and bold signalizes how the male voice in this dream sequence (narrated with italic font) is not singing in Westron. Like Tolkien himself - I will always credit him and his family for the amazing fiction/fantasy he wrote in his lifetime - had once written in the Hobbit, the languages of Middle-Earth are mostly represented and translated to English. Being the most enthusiastic female linguistic/translator and "book worm" that I am, I know my style is not the same as with Tolkien's. This is mostly because my native tongue isn't English. Bear with me as I struggle with archaisms or "too casual/modern" lexical difficulties.

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><p>Chapter 1 - An Elf she had never seen_

**You do not know how to escape this darknessâ€¦| **

**Fly, O Child of the Bright Wind. **

**Fanuilos has blessed thee, **

**After centuries of waiting, thy I finally **

**Findâ€¦|! **

SÃ»lmenhwen, **_we are two songs _**

We are two songs: with similar meanings in different tongues!

_Arien has given thee the ability _

To burn and to withstand

The flames of five hundred fire-breathing worms,

_SÃ»lmenhwen NÃ-n, _

_SÃ»lmenhwen __**at the dragon-flame standing firm! **_

**After so many years, you hast been apart from the Sea. **

_What a beautiful song that was. Although YilmÃ³r never had heard that song, the beauty of the lyrics transfixed her. Whilst the tune could never be transcribed to the plucking notes of a lute, for it seemed too beautiful alone with a deep baritone voice echoing. It was rough, as if coming from an experienced male. Yet, she never had heard an Elf singing in such a powerful voice. The voice rang both with words from the _**Sindarin**_. A few sentences flew out of the male, booming voice in an ancient and mysterious tongue. Despite the utter foreign feeling the syllables resonated within the beach, she could almost feel the stars were dancing in the skies. _

_YilmÃ³r could taste the salty breeze. A wet sensation caressed her bare feet. The silkiness and yet warm embrace of a wave surprised her. A humming of distant waves rolling and drumming against the rocks almost made her fall to the granulated and cold sand. She did not mind though. Feeling the smooth and dark maroon brim of a skirt falling to her knees, the girl blushed. The dress was so feminine that, if this were not a dream, YilmÃ³r would shout a curse. How she hated how the dress underlined her muscular and slender legs. It could belong to a princess, but not to her. _

_Yet the thundering, soft voice did not stop humming, his voice mingling with the rolling of the waves. _

**Dhoop se chann nahuya kehazÃ-, **

**Dhuaan mann nahuya hanzÃ-**

_At these two verses, YilmÃ³r felt a shiver running through her spine, her eyes widening. She was certain LÃ³thinael had never heard or had read to her such an ancient speech! Not even _**Quenya**_ _had such odd phonetic sounds. Although she could almost dance to the sounds, she had no meaning to them. _

All of the sudden she felt a pair of male hands entwining hers. Startled, YilmÃ³r tried to stomp the feet of her attacker. Feeling a couple of cold sweat streaming in her forehead, the half**Easterling**_ _narrowed her eyes towards the man. It was no avail: with a studied spin of her body, he twirled her until YilmÃ³r's back was facing the seven feet tall Elf. The air around him was damp with a masculine, burnt and musky scent. It reminded her of the scent of wooden herbsâ€¦Of burned pipe weed she had caught a few Dwarves

smoking. Overall, the scent waded neither too pleasant nor too strong for her. To her surprise, the scent made her recall something like a lost relative, or a friend she had yet to meet. _

_What frustrated the half Easterling the most was the fact she could not pinpoint the exact origin of the Elf, despite a beautiful night, when the Moon almost touched the deep indigo sea with his silvery light. She could feel the hardened muscles that stirred within his black tunicâ€|He was strong and agile. _

All of a sudden, she heard a male laugh: it was the same voice of the male singer! No unpleasant or hoarse at all, but she could feel an eerie malice seeping out of the voice. A few strands of black hair glimmered in the starred night. This was the Elf's hair.

_Feeling slightly disturbed, YilmÃ³r yanked herself out of the Elf's grasp. Her eyebrows frowned to the point that she would wonder if she could see herself at the sea's reflection, YilmÃ³r would definitely think she was everything but a fair damsel in distress. _

_Â« You cruel thingâ€|Â» Inwardly, YilmÃ³r widened her eyes: her voice had never sounded so beautiful or ethereal-like! _

Â«_ Please,_ SÃ»lmenhwen NÃ-nâ€| Â»

Â« You think you can lure me with your illusions, damned wormâ€|! Â» The soft, nightingale-like voice rang in a crystalline and yet commanding tone. And yet, YilmÃ³r felt that this tall â€" she could feel the woman who was within her body was taller, perhaps she had blue blood running through her veins â€" woman was sad, simply by listening to her soft, mature voice. Â« Glaurung has tortured me enoughâ€| Â»

_Â« Who has my little flower? Â» For a moment, YilmÃ³r detected a tone of worry andâ€|acid jealousy in the Elf's voice. It was an inhuman sound, almost a growl. Did that resound out of the tall Elf's chest? Her greenish eyes widened, as though she recognized that menacing and dangerous sound. _

_Despite this, the tall woman clad in deep red swallowed her fright, her sharp intakes of breath finally coming to a stop. YilmÃ³r had never seen a woman in a war. However, she did have seen the same stern, cold and brave glow in LÃ³thinael's eyes. The wind made the noble Human woman's tunic flow around, the tail of the back of her dress resembling the wings of a phoenix. _

_Â« I will never be yours, beastâ€|Â» _

_All that the noble-blooded woman earned was a mocking laugh: _

_Â« SÃ»lmenhwen NÃ-nâ€|! I dare you to place that dagger on my chest. Â» The "Elf" retorted, his eyes shadowed by the dimness of the beaches neighbouring woods. _

_YilmÃ³r gasped unconsciously, her__** FÃ«a**__ somewhat linked to the body of the noble Lady. _

_ Â« Do you think me incapable of killing, beast? Â» The noble Human Lady replied in a hiss. _

“No! All I think is that whilst my fire would consume all of these trees, that little needle of yours would be harmless” And as you said, my dear Lady, this body - The "Elf" sneered, his mouth revealing a disturbing sight of sharp, serrated teeth. How he uttered the word "body" in the ancient tongue it was as if he was spitting venom. “Of mine is all but an illusion.”

Somehow, Yilmãr felt that the noble Lady had shivered in her feet at those last words. It was a caressing, a loving tone the one the "Elf" had used. Although the young Yilmãr would have taken a long breath before saying anything else, the noble Lady merely smirked.

Closing the distance between her and the evil creature with the guise of an Elf, the Lady merely sighed bitterly.

“Do you know how wicked the tales and the troubadours can be, worm? All they will say about me is how I was a devoted spouse and wife, adoring my Lord” All they will speak is how I was beautiful. What is worth beauty if you cannot give your family a joyous life? How I wish, once I crossed the gates of Mandos, how I wish they would speak how I protected my children from you and **Glaurung**! ”

“Spare me your sentimental” Lady Morwen? No! ”

Before Yilmãr could stop "her" own hands, they had all but flown onto her waistline, her fingers sure and cold.

A deafening and possessive roar did not faze the noble Lady. The dagger dived into the **Adan** Human woman's chest before the drake in Elf disguise could prevent it. Yilmãr could feel the warm and metallic scent of blood hovering close to her.

“Hörin” I hope I will see you again. ” Morwen glanced at the horizon, the silvery white strands of her hair stained with the warm liquid.

* * *

>p>Yilmãr woke up with cold sweat dripping from her chin. Panting for breath, she could feel the humid cavern air coming back to her lungs. Fingering the warm and rough fur blanket she had made from the deer she had hunted, the half Easterling blinked. It almost seemed her nose could feel the bitter scent of blood flowing through her nostrils. Her tears battled against a few tears dripping down her face. What in all the Holy **Valar** names was that dream?! Had she witnessed a real event? Lãthinael had once told her of the **House of Hador, Tãrin Turambar** descended from that house. This was the tragic story of a brother and his father who tried everything to protect their people. How Glaurung, the Father of Dragons, a dark creation of Morgoth Bauglir (the first Dark Lord) had caused the deaths in Beleriand and instilled terror in the First Age Men. Lãthinael's eyes became like two glacial daggers whenever she spoke of the **Battle of Unnumbered Tears**. How she spoke of it always made the wise woman seem that she had experienced all the wrong-doings the evil creature had done...

She had the taste of deer lingering in her mouth. However, it felt bitter now that her eyes had seen a Human die. Yilmãr recalled well the tension that grew between the Men of Gondor and her father's

fellowmen.

She once possessed a necklace belonging to her mother, a noble-looking woman who many people said that since the founding of **Gondor**, had dwelled around the nobility. The necklace was silvery with tiny gems of turquoise, a rare precious stone most Humans had never seen since the Fall of Isildur. The gems were exceptionally polished and cut. To Yilmã³r, it always reminded her of the saying in the Houses of Healing: "No Woman ever had such precious green eyes as the ones of this Wise Lady". Her tall appearance and pale features made most people feel at ease. Most wise men compared her to an Elleth and some people called her "Reincarnation of Morwen". Albeit simple looking with a dragon and a moon grasping the tear-shaped turquoise stone in the middle of the necklace, it was so incredibly beautiful most Gondorian girls tried to make the little half Easterling trip. Their prying hands would quickly snatch the necklace, but Yilmã³r never gave them a small chance. Yilmã³r caressed the necklace whenever she felt uneasy. Against all odds, once, a thirty-year-old merchant took hold of her when the guards were not watching. Then she was stroke down five times by a horsewhip; her screams barely heard, muffled by a gag that a few bullying peasants had made her wear. Yilmã³r raged and kicked the boys, but to no avail. The assailants had all but caught her necklace and crushed the clasp of her mother's clasp. The starving farmers booming laughter was all but a blur to a crying and hoarse-voiced Yilmã³r, her tanned and olive-coloured back scarred. On that day's evening, Yilmã³r was particularly silent. Lã³thinael tried to speak with her pupil, but the twelve year old merely shook her head. They had ridiculed her mother. Her eyes were burning with the hatred against those who had made her suffer.

Yilmã³r had decided to ignore or merely give a strong kick in a man's private organs before he could approach her. Could she ever feign innocence now that the Easterlings had invaded what once she called home? Could she ever return to a castle probably each servant maiden would casually spit at her with no remorse what so ever? Could she ever swallow the insult of a low-ranking Gondorian guard without sharpening her dagger?

Yilmã³r groaned, her hands grasping tightly the dagger and her bow's quiver.

Â« What in the Names of all the Valar did that dream meant? All I know from Lady Morwen is that her husband Hã°rin found her near her death beside her children's graves. Â» The half Easterling shivered, remembering how the deafening and anguished roar of a dragon was the last thing she had heard, her eardrums complaining with the intensity of the sound. From what she had learnt from Lã³thinael was that no dream was ever ridiculous. If this dream was sent by the **Valar**, then it had to mean something.

Â« Sometimes a dagger and an arrow are not the only means to find our path through the dark woods. Â» Lã³thinael muttered, her clear and bright eyes reflecting the light amidst the darkness of the library halls.

Before the fourteen-year-old could ponder more on these memories, a sound assaulted her ears. It was the brushing of a long tunic on some little rock. By the sound it made, it seemed sewn to fit a ranger, or a stealthy rogue. Instinctively, the little hunter took her dagger

and her bow, quickly placing one arrow on one hand, the bow leaning against her leg. Whoever had walked, he - or she - did not made a sound until Yilmã³r found herself fully awoken.

Â« _I will not let a goblin assassin take me that easily. This goblin seems quite light on his feet...Â» _Yilmã³r thought to herself as she prepared the arrow.

Narrowing her eyes, the teenage hunter realized the goblin would not take the risk of wounding himself.

Â« _He knows who I am. It's the only reason he should not-Â»

-

Suddenly, the brushing of the tunic followed two leather boots. Yilmã³r's jaw fell when she took upon a full examination of the enemy standing before her. He was tall. His Elven ears were elegant and combined with a silvery ornament the male wore caught a bread of his hair. He was wearing a light, elegant and tight dark blueish tunic. Twin black gloves covered his long hands. A dark hood hid part of his pale face. A pointed jaw and two high cheek bones suggested he was fair. If the man standing in front of her was not part of the nobility of the Sindar, she would guess him to be as old as Lady Galadriel herself!

Then, she heard a soft, deep and charming voice, speaking in a fluent Gondorian:

Â« Hello there, little one. Â»

* * *

><p> Oh my gosh, cliffhanger ! XD I just thought it would be a little sad for the dragon-fans out there if I did not made Yilmã³r meet this guy in the story. I use the word "seem" way too often. I corrected the little mistakes that appeared in this chapter. And you thought that HÃ°rin's story had enough of tragedy, huh?

_ Small explanation on the foreign language: no, that isn't neither Quenya, nor Sindarin. I thought it nice for dragons to have their own language (come on, J. R. R. Tolkien even created a freaking language for the Orcs , even I guess that is a more guttural, Black-Speech inspired version of the Easterling dialect). I was inspired by my own stuff on alternative original languages - fictional world of mine - and Hindustani-based languages and Sino-Based languages from Asia. Also: "yay for the verb word on the end of the sentence!" It is one of those similar peculiarities in Asian dialects and I found it so fascinating that I could not help to place both "hanzi" and "kehazi" on the end of the verses. Linguistic explanation aside, I know you all will want me to put the Sindarin references: _

_SÃ»lmenhwen NÃ-n - "_My wind-sent" . Now this was hard to make since I am not sure how Tolkien made "adverbs" and adjectives come together in agglutination words in Sindarin. It just seems like German language when you have a huge and mouthful word with an adjective and then the noun all in one word. "SÃ»l" - wind, "men" - to be sent, which I can only assume it can be used as a verbal derivative, something which exists in my language, Portuguese. Basically we have "Ãgua fervente" (boiling water) words, but we do not agglutinate them! And then we have "hwen", which can be translated as "she".

There are many languages that have this particle in nouns, especially when you refer to someone "he". The fact that we have the possessive pronoun "nÃ-n" in the end is fascinating to me as a translator.

_FÃ«a - _This is so easy to pronounce for me, but for the people who never read that much into details of Silmarillion or the LOTR (which I find hard to believe in here) , this is the equivalent of a soul in Arda. This is the singular Quenya word for "soul". f

Valar - Plural of the Quenya word "Vala", the "gods" or "angelic beings" who lived on the western continent of Aman.

End
file.